HITLER BURNED MY BOOKS: MANFRED GEORGE

THE Nation

July 4, 1953
20¢

The Satellite Story

BEHIND EAST EUROPE'S UNREST

by Mark Gayn

Wanted: A President — *Bruce Catton*

Italy's Rural Reds — *J. G. La Palombara*

Revolt Against Ike — *Miles McMillin*

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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Around the U.S.A.

Selling Free Enterprise to Asia

San Francisco

AFTER nineteen months of short-wave broadcasting to China, Radio Free Asia left the air on April 30 of this year. Thus ended the biggest and most costly undertaking of the Committee for Free Asia. Less well known than the Committee for a Free Europe, the Committee for Free Asia was formed in the spring of 1951 "to launch a people's movement for freedom by combating rampart Communist aggression in Asia."

"Who are the people behind Radio Free Asia?" asked the R. F. A. announcer in an early broadcast. "Some of us are Chinese, some American. In time there will be Indians and Indonesians and Burmese—people from all the countries of Asia." Although it was true that Asians held positions on the staff, policy control of the Committee for Free Asia has always been 100 per cent American. Of the forty-one persons on its board of directors twenty-six are big business men, seventeen of whom are presidents of corporations or banks. Among them are T. S. Petersen of Standard Oil, J. D. Zellerbach of Crown-Zellerbach, S. D. Bechtel of the far-flung Bechtel construction corporation, and Juan Trippe of Pan American Airways. The chairman of the board is Brayton Wilbur, a San Francisco importer who went to Asia in February as one of the fifty-five business men sent abroad by Harold Stassen to evaluate the Mutual Security program. There are no Asians or Americans of Asian ancestry on the board. One Negro, whose name was recently added, saves the committee from being strictly a white man's organization.

"We're selling the democratic system of free enterprise," said the first committee president, George Greene, and this was the only theme the committee developed under his leadership. During this period the committee gave a banquet for the Asian newsmen assembled in San Francisco to cover the Japanese-peace-treaty conference. As an opportunity to influence opinion-molders from all over Asia the affair was such a dismal flop that the San Francisco *News*, a strong supporter of the committee, described the evening as bearing a "closer resemblance to a meeting of the Ale, Quail, Chowder, and Marching Society than the start of a continent-wide effort to free men's minds."

In addition to its broadcasting, the committee has financed a number of smaller projects. It distributes a somewhat irregular newspaper called the *Asian Student* to 7,000 Asian students in this country. It promotes the "Seeds for Democracy" campaign to send vegetable seeds to the Philippines. It has awarded $1,000 travel grants to three American high-school students of Asian descent to enable them to visit Japan and has sent three-man teams to many parts of Asia to work with local groups in setting up youth centers, bookshops, and other propaganda outlets.

• The way the committee is financed is a matter which its executives prefer not to discuss. Officially the main support comes from the Crusade for Freedom, with some additional money contributed by foundations and corporations. One thing is certain—the committee spends money freely. In 1951, for example, when its announced income was $500,000, it paid $100,000 for 1,000 tons of newsprint which it turned over to South Korea for textbooks. When it consolidated its offices on San Francisco's Market Street, the building permit called for $100,000 in alterations. The number of high-salaried people on the R. F. A. staff is further evidence that any effect it is having on Asia is not purchased cheaply.

The committee does not openly indorse Chiang Kai-shek, but from the beginning it has been evident that its heart is in Formosa. Its opening prospectus praised Chiang's 1947 constitution, and its New York office was for a long time headed by Lester Knox Little, who was concurrently registered as an agent for the Formosa government. The number of Kuomintang boosters on the committee staff and its broadcasts' exclusive concern with China make it clear that it has been more interested in liberating China than in preventing areas at present non-Communist from falling under Communist influence. Having dropped the radio station, the committee is now turning its attention toward overseas Chinese, whom it will reach through local radio and other propaganda media.

• It would be interesting to know whether R. F. A. was ended as a concession to the budget or in belated recognition that short-wave radio has little influence on the predominantly rural inhabitants of a country now ruled by a party that won control through personal agitation in areas where radio is unknown. Despite the contrary evidence of a 1947 UNESCO survey, the committee has maintained that the larger cities of Asia "abound with sets" and that R. F. A.'s audience would spread its propaganda by word of mouth because it offered "hope and encouragement to the long-suffering victims of Soviet-inspired aggression and tyranny." This and other naive presuppositions about the political mind of Asia and its susceptibility to American advertising techniques make it doubtful whether the enormously expensive R. F. A. was of any value at all.

On whatever part of Asia the committee now intends to concentrate, it shows no signs of being imaginative enough to define freedom in terms other than free enterprise, anti-communism, and the liberation of China. Coupled with its big-business leadership, this makes the committee a sitting duck for Communist charges of economic imperialism, and in sensitive areas of neutralist sentiment such as India, Burma, and Indonesia the effect is likely to be wholly negative. If American leadership in Asia is dependent upon the propaganda of the Committee for Free Asia and the McCarthyized Voice of America its future is black indeed.

MARSHALL WINDMILLER
AND JACK HOWARD

[*Marshall Windmiller is a student of Asian politics; Jack Howard is on the staff of a leading California daily.*]

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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things

Peace Drive Undiminished

Perhaps the two most important facts of the past week are these: Peking has shown no sign of calling off the Korean truce negotiations in spite of Syngman Rhee's continued balking and America's "pampering" of him, and Moscow, having suppressed the East German rising, has expanded its program of concessions and seems intent on pushing the peace offensive instead of calling it off. Korea is still the most "fluid" sector of the front, but at this writing Syngman Rhee is reported in retreat before the heavy diplomatic-economic guns Washington has trained on him. He will probably get some military guaranties he does not deserve—though how can the United States hinge its future course of action on the *révanchiste,* revisionist ambitions of the ROK chieftain?—and if he does, the Communists may demand a few guaranties themselves, to assure the armistice on both sides of the line. But if Peking and Moscow want peace in Korea, they will certainly not call the deal off once Syngman Rhee has been induced to swallow the terms they have already agreed to. Assuming he does, all Syngman Rhee will have achieved is to embarrass the United States, weaken its bargaining power with its friends as well as with the Communists, and endanger his own political neck. If he should go on resisting, who knows, he might end by driving his allies into the arms of his enemies!

Rising Political Barometer

In Europe a kind of slow political demobilization is going on. The East German trouble did not check it; on the contrary it helped persuade the West that the unrest and consequent weakness in Russia's frontier area had tipped the balance farther toward conciliation.

Mark Gayn's rigorous review (page 6) of the situation in Eastern Europe shows to what extremes of exploitation the Kremlin had gone, and how bitter is the resentment everywhere. He believes that Moscow's economic exactions will have to be continued if Russia is to supply its cold-war needs, but that its post-Stalin policy is to relax other sorts of pressure in the hope of mollifying the satellite peoples. If this has been the dream of the new Soviet rulers, East Germany must have made them come to with a start. But it seems to us more likely that the Russian leaders—of all people—realized the probable consequences involved in the easing of controls and discounted the risk as part of a broader policy aimed at accommodation with the West. Given a general settlement—or even a cold-war armistice—which would remove the threat of a rearmed Germany in a Western alliance and open the doors to East-West trade—and Moscow could afford to relax its increasingly unsuccessful pressures on the Eastern countries.

That Europe believes such an easing is under way is indicated by many apparently disconnected items, such as the character of the new French government, the opposition of the Danish Socialists to American air bases in Denmark, the growing talk of a negotiated peace in Indo-China, the huge indignation in Britain over Syngman Rhee's intransigence. Even the prospect of reconciliation between Italy's two Socialist parties and their possible representation in De Gasperi's next government are signs of the changing weather—more astonishing in some ways than all the rest. Significant, too, are Chancellor Adenauer's new emphasis on unity and the total failure of Premier de Gasperi's recent efforts to persuade the French and British leaders that they must avoid the pitfalls of a new four-power conference.

France and the Rosenbergs

Our Paris correspondent writes: The Rosenberg case created a sort of *mystique* which swept the churches, members of every parliamentary party right up to M. Herriot and President Auriol, and the newspapers of every political persuasion. There was a sort of national unity over the Rosenbergs that has not been seen here in any connection for a long time. Today Justice W. O. Douglas is the great hero of France and of a great deal of Europe.

Was the emotion worked up artificially? Was it basically the expression of an anti-American mood? Not so. For if there were many anti-Americans who pleaded for the doomed couple, there were also many pro-Americans who felt that their execution would create a deep moral gulf between the United States and Europe. The psychological background of the passion that shook France was perhaps best explained by Beuve-Mery in *Le Monde:*

Why this tremendous emotion over a couple of un-

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known people on the other side of the ocean? Is it not that the circumstances surrounding them raised the problem of their life and death to the high level of a symbol, a symbol of those essential values which are the last justification of Western civilization? . . . Free men who can still protest with impunity feel the shadows of giant idols, fed on lies and terror, closing down on them, and they feel the hour approaching when they may have no choice other than being either martyr or executioner.

The Bridges Decision

The Supreme Court by a four-to-three decision has set aside the conviction of Harry Bridges and his co-defendants Henry Schmidt and J. R. Robertson under an indictment charging perjury and conspiracy. With the stoicism born of eighteen years' harassment, Mr. Bridges greeted the decision with the remark "now we prepare for the sixth," meaning the sixth major hearing, for neither double jeopardy nor estoppel seems to have any relevance to this case. It is altogether probable, for example, that the Department of Justice will now bring a civil suit to revoke Bridges's citizenship. The fact is that there are individuals in the Immigration and Naturalization Service who have acquired a vested interest in the continued harassment of Bridges; these individuals would not know how to win promotions and salary increases if they were not permitted to continue this senseless vendetta against a trade-union leader whose record on the West Coast waterfront is in refreshing but unacknowledged contrast to that of Joe Ryan and the East Coast longshore unions. From the outset, *The Nation* has insisted that this latest prosecution was a mean-spirited effort to "get Bridges." Like Mr. Bridges we will now prepare for the sixth.

Hitler Burned My Books

by Manfred George

The whole civilized world was shocked when on the evening of May 10, 1933, the books of authors displeasing the Nazis, including even those of our own Helen Keller, were solemnly burned on the immense Franz Joseph Platz between the University of Berlin and the State Opera on Unter den Linden. I was a witness to the scene. All afternoon Nazi raiding parties had gone into public and private libraries, throwing into the streets such books as Dr. Goebbels in his supreme wisdom has decided were unfit for Nazi Germany. . . .

THESE words were written by Louis P. Lochner in his introduction to "The Goebbels Diaries." These were his

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memories of that sinister night in the spring of 1933. I did not know Lochner then, but I must have been standing somewhere near him, submerged and anonymous in the hysterical mob. Every time the frenzied crowd lugged up more piles of books, I had an impulse to shout, "Stop!" But I could not afford to indulge that impulse. In those days I was sleeping in a different apartment each night, pursued and branded because of my books and my journalistic work—just as were those whose volumes were tossed into the crackling flames.

And then the shrill voice of the satanic Herr Doktor cut through the smoke that was blackening the people's faces. "The past is lying in flames," Dr. Goebbels screamed. "The future will rise from the flames within your own hearts!"

The future rose, as it inexorably does, but the flames devastated a whole country. It began with flames—the burning of the Reichstag and the burning of the books—and it ended in flames. And it took the "blood, sweat, and tears" of the whole world to extinguish the conflagration.

The rabble that hurled the books on to the gigantic pyre in Berlin that night had been well instructed and rehearsed in advance. On April 23, 1933, a comprehensive list carefully compiled by Dr. Goebbels had been published in the newspaper *Nachtausgabe*. In it numerous writers were denounced as "Communistic vermin," although almost none of them were Communists. The list contained, among others, the names of Heinrich Heine, Lion Feuchtwanger, Ernst Toller, Stefan Zweig, Sigmund Freud, and Hugo Preuss (the great scholar and, incidentally, the author of the Weimar constitution). Nor were the books of former German Foreign Minister Walter Rathenau missing—they were burned because their author was a Jew. Others, who were neither Jews nor Communists—Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Voltaire, Romain Rolland, H. G. Wells, Selma Lagerlöf, Carl von Ossietsky, and the eminent political philosopher Friedrich Wilhelm Förster—saw their works devoured by the flames because they were liberals. Goebbels made no distinction among Communists, Jews, and liberals. He lumped them all under one common label—"intellectuals."

THE burning of the books was merely the final demented chapter in the crusade that Goebbels' master had launched in "Mein Kampf" against the eggheads of his time. "We will never be able to win over the intellectuals to any appreciable degree," Hitler had written. He called them "the intellectual demi-monde" and denounced them as "parasites." He sensed that this group might successfully oppose his tactics of slander, denunciation, and intimidation. "They are the archenemies of any effective political mass movement," he charged.

Hitler's propaganda was aimed at the non-political masses. They had to be shocked into a state of fear and terror. And since Hitler had opponents in the most diverse groups he shrewdly avoided fighting each individual enemy with different arguments. Vainglorously he declared in "Mein Kampf": "It is part of the genius of the great leader to create the illusion that opponents who, ideologically speaking, are poles apart actually belong in one and the same camp, because the realization of the fact that one's enemies all hold different opinions may lead those who are weak and vacillating to doubt the righteousness of their cause."

It was a foregone conclusion that the intellectuals would be the sworn enemies of such a state of mind. Hence Goebbels denounced them as "intellectual beasts," and Rosenberg fought every form of individualism because "the liberal creed of the perfectibility of the individual will lead to an arrogant, irresponsible, cosmopolitan intellectualism."

GERMANY had known censorship in the past. But book burnings were something that even the most rabid reactionaries would not have resorted to—until the Nazis came to power. The Weimar Republic had enacted a mild law against *Schund und Schmutz* (filth and trash), directed against obscene literature. Hitler and Goebbels immediately seized upon it to befuddle the minds of the masses by stigmatizing the authors on their book-burning list as the writers of "obscene literature." This piece of distortion implanted the idea that these authors not only were politically dangerous but had contaminated "the soul of the German people."

Only the Nazis were "decent" people; all others had to be exterminated or at the very least silenced. The consequences are history. The book burnings were followed by the book bans and by the decrees stipulating, in effect, that only those writers who accepted the theories of National Socialism could make a living. State-supervised organizations such as the Reich Chamber of Culture sprang up, with compulsory membership for all writers and publishers, book dealers, librarians, and any persons connected with literary endeavors.

Then the great silence fell over Germany. In the country's earlier history a few writers here and there had exiled themselves—men such as Heine, Hervegh, and Freiligrath. This time, Germany lost hundreds of writers.

Germany has not recovered from this blow. Only now are young writers beginning to stir and to express individual ideas. But even worse than the loss of a literary tradition conceived in freedom was its immediate result: the conformism which was imposed for years on the press and literature created the very climate of numbness which paralyzed and eventually enslaved the German people. All the abominations which the Ger-

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mans committed during the era of Hitlerism could happen primarily because the intellectuals had abdicated *in toto*.

The ensuing demoralization was, for Germany, without parallel. Literary histories were rewritten; authoritative works were falsified. The universities became agencies of official propaganda; the press was degraded to the exclusive service of government, following directives that were issued every day as guidance for headlines, editorials, and the handling of news.

In May, 1943, many cities in the United States commemorated the book burnings in Germany in solemn ceremonies. One of these demonstrations took place on the steps leading up to New York City's Public Library and was saluted in a message from President Roosevelt, in which he said in part:

> We all know that books can burn—but we also know that they cannot be destroyed by fire. Men may die, but books never die. No human being and no arbitrary force can extinguish their memory. No human being and no arbitrary force can stamp out the powerful impact of free thought . . . nor can they deprive the world of those books in which the struggling spirit of humanity is mirrored for all time.

The Freedom to Read

[*The American Library Association, meeting in Los Angeles last week, unanimously adopted a manifesto and resolution which we believe to be the most effective defense yet published of what might be called the Sixth Freedom—the Freedom to Read. Following is the text of the preamble of this remarkable document, which we present in lieu of our own editorial comment.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The freedom to read is essential to our democracy. It is under attack. Private groups and public authorities in various parts of the country are working to remove books from sale, to censor textbooks, to label "controversial" books, to distribute lists of "objectionable" books or authors, and to purge libraries.

These actions apparently rise from a view that our national tradition of free expression is no longer valid; that censorship and suppression are needed to avoid the subversion of politics and the corruption of morals. We, as citizens devoted to the use of books and as librarians and publishers responsible for disseminating them, wish to assert the public interest in the preservation of the freedom to read.

We are deeply concerned about these attempts at suppression. Most such attempts rest on a denial of the fundamental premise of democracy: that the ordinary citizen, by exercising his critical judgment, will accept the good and reject the bad. The censors, public and private, assume that they should determine what is good and what is bad for their fellow citizens.

We trust Americans to recognize propaganda, and to reject obscenity. We do not believe they need the help of censors to assist them in this task. We do not believe they are prepared to sacrifice their heritage of a free press in order to be "protected" against what others think may be bad for them. We believe they still favor free enterprise in ideas and expression.

We are aware, of course, that books are not alone in being subjected to efforts at suppression. We are aware that these efforts are related to a larger pattern of pressures being brought against education, the press, films, radio, and television. The problem is not only one of actual censorship. The shadow of fear cast by these pressures leads, we suspect, to an even larger voluntary curtailment of expression by those who seek to avoid controversy.

Such pressure toward conformity is perhaps natural to a time of uneasy change and pervading fear. Especially when so many of our apprehensions are directed against an ideology, the expression of a dissident idea becomes a thing feared in itself, and we tend to move against it as against a hostile deed, with suppression.

And yet suppression is never more dangerous than in such a time of social tension. Freedom has given the United States the elasticity to endure strain. Freedom keeps open the path of novel and creative solutions, and enables change to come by choice. Every silencing of a heresy, every enforcement of an orthodoxy, diminishes the toughness and resilience of our society and leaves it the less able to deal with stress.

Now as always in our history, books are among our greatest instruments of freedom. They are almost the only means for making generally available ideas or manners of expression that can initially command only a small audience.

They are the natural medium for the new idea and the untried voice, from which come the original contributions to social growth. They are essential to the extended discussion which serious thought requires, and to the accumulation of knowledge and ideas into organized collections.

We believe that free communication is essential to the preservation of a free society and a creative culture. We believe that these pressures toward conformity present the danger of limiting the range and variety of inquiry and expression on which our democracy and our culture depend. We believe that every American community must jealously guard the freedom to publish and to circulate, in order to preserve its own freedom to read.

We believe that publishers and librarians have a profound responsibility to give validity to that freedom to read by making it possible for the reader to choose freely from a variety of offerings.

The freedom to read is guaranteed by the Constitution. Those with faith in free men will stand firm on these constitutional guaranties of essential rights and will exercise the responsibilities that accompany these rights.

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J. Alvarez del Vayo

New Premier for France

Paris

AS THIS is written, France has ended its five weeks of crisis, and Joseph Laniel, conservative leader of Paul Reynaud's Independent Party, fifth candidate for the premiership, has won the post. One is tempted to look back upon these weeks with humor—or with a sense of outrage. But since France remains, after all, the third big power of the Atlantic coalition, it seems more advisable for Americans to try seriously to understand the nature of the crisis and to draw the appropriate conclusions.

Developments have revealed that there are only two kinds of policy possible for France—that of Pierre Mendès-France and that of the right. There could have been a third—a Popular Front government as advocated by Pierre Cot while André Marie was seeking the premiership. But this would have implied an understanding between Communists and Socialists; and the last meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, attended by Maurice Thorez, did little to advance the cause of reconciliation. The party merely reaffirmed its conviction that it alone offered a solution for France's ills, and while stress was laid on the need of a common front with Socialist workers, almost no effort was made to win the support of their leaders. Perhaps the Socialist leadership itself made any other approach impossible—we shall see things more clearly after the Socialist Congress which is about to take place. But in any case the result was to delay indefinitely the establishment of a Popular Front. For common action in the labor movement, existing relations between Socialist and Communist workers may be sufficient, but to sustain the political unity necessary in a Popular Front government the acquiescence of the Socialist leaders is needed.

Given the choice between the program of Mendès-France, the more realistic in the long run but involving an immediate and drastic departure from the policies of the present Assembly majority, and the program of any politician of the old school, less realistic in the long run but more palatable to the bourgeoisie, the Assembly was certain to choose the easier way. In the case of Mendès-France, the center-right majority won over a hypothetical center-left majority in which the only solid party backing received by the candidate was from the Socialists.

IF THE CRISIS showed that there are only two viable policies in France today, it showed also that foreign affairs lie at the core of the French impasse. No economic program can accomplish anything unless it encompasses a courageous revision of French foreign policy in the light of the country's financial resources. Consequently the crisis has pushed the Indo-China war well to the foreground. If there were a way of ending that war tomorrow under any conditions short of the loss of American dollar aid, every French leader except De Gaulle would be tempted to favor it, as Schuman's statement last Friday illustrated.

But again any end to the Indo-China war presupposes a realistic and unified Western policy in regard to Asia. France is becoming increasingly convinced that the Eisenhower Administration wants at almost any price to avoid a general Far Eastern conference. Under such circumstances there is no chance either for peace in Indo-China or for a reduction of the military budget. That is why French public opinion is rallying so strongly behind Churchill. "The British," writes Maurice Duverger in *Le Monde*, "desire the recognition of Mao Tse-tung, to which the Americans remain opposed; they would like to see the resumption of trade between East and West, a hope which American public opinion considers treasonable; they foresee the possibility of an accord with the Russians on the unification of Germany, while the United States continues to cling desperately to the Adenauer regime and to the European Defense Community." There is no question that as between British and American leadership, France inclines heavily toward the British.

But the crisis has produced something more than empty debate. In particular, Mendès-France's candidacy has provoked in many quarters a longing for something new. Things have been said about Indo-China, the E. D. C., the need for an independent French foreign policy, that have never been said before—at least not by the same speakers. The reaction against *immobilisme* was deep enough to nip in the bud André Marie's attempt to obtain the premiership with a program so vague that it offered something for everybody and nothing—really—for anybody. Even the fourth candidate, Antoine Pinay—the hero of the housewives, who as Premier last year helped to create France's tremendous deficit with his low-taxes, low-prices policy—felt the need to promise something new: privately he told deputies he was going to enlarge the scope of his program and gave the impression that he was planning a kind of conservative edition of the Mendès-France policy. But he could not convince the M. R. P., which at its last Congress had stressed the point of view of the Catholic progressives, and which feared that a Pinay Cabinet would push the Socialists closer to the Communists.

The new Prime Minister has been a deputy since 1932 and has served in many post-war Cabinet positions, although in none of them as a major policy-maker. A well-to-do Normandy farmer and the director of a linen factory, his political record before the war was irreproachably conservative. In recent years, however, he is said to have formed many friendly connections with the left, possibly arising out of his service as Minister of State in the leftist post-war Cabinet of Edgar Faure, who is included in Laniel's Cabinet. His intimates say that he is an expert in both finance and agriculture, though lacking experience in international affairs.

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SATELLITE STORY

Behind East Europe's Unrest . . *by Mark Gayn*

IN HIS departure from power, as in his arrival, Joseph Stalin supplied this age with one of its turning points. There can now be no doubt that his death ushered in momentous shifts of method, leadership, and high policy, even if their details and purpose are still obscure. One symptom of these changes is the recent series of satellite uprisings. The most fragile and sensitive part of the Communist world, the satellite countries have naturally been the first to betray its stresses. Precisely how the events in Pilsen and East Germany were linked with that March funeral in Red Square no one in the West can tell. But bit by bit the hazy lines are becoming clearer.

The rioters of Pilsen and East Germany demonstrated the fatal weakness of Stalin's—and Communist—method and philosophy. The Communists have made the urban worker the keystone of their political philosophy, have built the "workers' state" around him, and have claimed his undivided loyalty. In both Czechoslovakia and East Germany the workers have rejected all this with a violence that has been likened by one British eyewitness to a popular revolution.

Once the rejection was made, the satellite leaders, in an obvious reflection of the new Soviet policy, came out with a humiliating admission of the bankruptcy of the policy they had extolled for so long. Yes, they said, the party had not done well by the worker; it had oppressed him; and contrary to standard party claims the worker had not cooperated in building a socialist world. In the past fortnight these admissions have been coming from every point of the satellite compass. In East Germany there was the party's conciliatory offer to abandon some of its heavy industrial projects in favor of making life more livable. After millions of words had been written about the rich and happy life under communism, the party volunteered to build or repair more houses, erect more schools, provide more electric power for homes, manufacture more shoes and clothes, raise the starvation pensions, provide cleaner factory washrooms, and, especially, relax the savage industrial speed-up. In Hungary the official party organ "honestly confessed" that a large number of party and state leaders did not really care about the workers' needs. And if the Czech Communists have spoken to their people in

Premier Malenkov

far sterner tones than the East Germans used—they did not have a united Germany to win—they too have now admitted two major waves of panic since 1951, the look of dread in the workers' faces the day the crown was devalued, the shortage of bread, extensive sabotage by the workers, and trouble "in many factories."

What could be more pathetic, in the sixth year of Communist control, than the published letter of a Czech woman reporting happily that if before June 1 she had to work three and a half days to earn enough to buy a pair of woolen stockings, now—after the currency "reform"—she had to work only ten and a half hours? And what could be more indicative of the crisis than the eagerness with which the Czech Central Committee displayed a letter allegedly received from a pensioner who wrote: "Comrades in government and party, you are so good to us. We dearly love communism and Comrades Zapotocky Siroky, and Malenkov, for they are the mainstay of the little man."

PERHAPS the most surprising thing about the riots was that they had been so long in coming. To most Westerners who have had an opportunity to observe the satellite world for any length of time, labor unrest has for years been one of the most striking features of its life. The principal cause of the unrest has been the effort of the native Communists, under Moscow's whiplash, to convert some of Europe's most backward areas into highly industrialized areas, or —where the industrial base already existed—to speed up industrialization far beyond the available technical resources. The only plentiful resource was manpower, and thus the Communists, while professing love for the worker, proceeded to exploit him.

The production targets have been raised continually, and if the workers could not meet them they simply worked a longer day. (When the North Bohemian coalfield failed to meet its target for May, the management made Sunday, May 31, a "peace shift" day and kept the miners working.) A ten-hour day, or a seven-day week, no longer shocks anyone. When it is discovered that production costs are too high, wages are slashed arbitrarily. In Czechoslovakia costs were lowered last month by devaluing the crown and cutting wages 80 per cent. In Rumania and Hungary this was achieved by demanding more work for the same amount of money. And in all the Communist countries the workers are required to subscribe a month's pay or more a year for a "peace loan."

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High production in a backward country does not go with human welfare. This axiom has been obscured for the West partly by the enormous volume of Communist propaganda and partly by

the refusal of many Western liberals to abandon their old illusions. Yet no Western liberal would have tolerated at home what is habitual in the satellite world.

Sweatshop conditions that were eliminated in the West twenty-five years ago are a way of life in Eastern Europe. All labor is frozen, strikes are forbidden, absenteeism is a criminal offense, and even sickness is treated with suspicion as an anti-Socialist conspiracy. It is now customary in many satellite countries to deduct sick leave from the annual vacation, or to pay only a small fraction of the wage for the time of sickness. And in what is perhaps the most shocking display of social inhumanity, coal was frequently denied last winter to miners' homes, schools, and hospitals in Czech and Hungarian mining towns where production lagged behind the target.

ONLY INFREQUENTLY has the unrest boiled over into such mass violence as the demonstrations in Pilsen and East Germany. For the most part, it has been expressed in individual resistance—and another indication of the changing winds is that sabotage is no longer laid solely at the door of Wall Street. The workers, it is now admitted, are doing a lot of effective damage for no other reason than anger.

The effectiveness of the sabotage has been conceded in the past month in the three most industrialized areas of Eastern Europe. The East German story has been told; it is less generally known that both Czechoslovakia and Hungary have now admitted the collapse of their economic plans. The hanging of Slansky, it appears, has not arrested Czech industrial decline, while Hungary discloses for the first time that its production has not been gaining since 1951. If Stalin's death has done nothing else, it has apparently endowed the satellite parties with candor.

This disarming honesty is now coupled with talk of concessions to the worker. It is not clear whether these are expected to cure the economic crisis or whether they merely reflect the shifts in Moscow. But workers in East Germany are going through the astonishing experience of hearing Communist leaders defend the return of some factories to private ownership, while the Hungarian workers are told they have been oppressed by the party's "rightist deviationists."

Such moves and promises can scarcely be taken at their face value. Whatever concessions are made in East Germany are obviously dictated more by Moscow's new policy toward Germany than by any concern for the worker's welfare. And as for "rightist deviations," they are uncovered semi-annually, in the natural zigzagging of the party line. In general, the Communists can no more denationalize industry or decollectivize land than they can abandon the pursuit of higher industrial production. Eastern Europe has now become an important and integral part of the world-wide Communist economic system. (A new immensely costly "railway of friendship," for instance, is being rushed to completion in Czechoslovakia to permit the movement of Czech goods to China via the Soviet Union.) However desperate the need to reassure the West or pacify the workers, Moscow can give up neither its ultimate goals nor its basic approach. All it can be expected to do is to relax the pressure here and there: in East Germany, for the sake of its complex European policy; in Hungary, for fear of trouble.

One more point. Last month's riots must have produced dismay in Moscow, for they could not have come at a more unfortunate time. At least one segment of the so-called monolithic Soviet world was shown to be full of cracks, and it was reasonable for the West to assume that the same cracks exist in Russia under the bright red lacquer. For once, the Russians discovered themselves, at a vital moment in the game, playing from weakness where strength was wanted.

THE DEMONSTRATIONS in Pilsen and East Germany carried an important lesson for the West. They showed that no popular uprising can succeed in the satellite countries, except perhaps in Albania, for when the local police machinery fails, behind it stands the overpowering might of the Red Army. Throughout Eastern Europe, Soviet troops are geared for instant punitive or restraining action. In the fall of 1949 I saw Soviet reinforcements pour into Hungary when it was feared that some units of the Hungarian army and police might side with Laszlo Rajk and General Palffyi, both charged with "Titoism." Last month the Soviet reaction was even speedier in East Germany, where General Wilhelm Zaisser and his security police were simply pushed aside in the first crucial days of the uprising and Russian troops took over.

The German and Czech workers have thus demonstrated the weakness—and the terrible danger—of the "liberation" appeals first used as American campaign vote-catchers last fall and since translated into an item of our foreign policy. At their most innocuous, appeals to the restless satellite worker to rebel against communism are mere phrases; at their worst, they are invitations to suicide. Last month's German uprising may well come to be regarded as a heroic chapter in the history of German labor. Far more certain, however, is that it will be

known as a battle which destroyed whatever Social Democratic organization had survived clandestinely under the Communists, and especially among the building trades and railroad workers.

There is one more important lesson. The workers rebelled for the same rea-

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son for which most strikes are waged in the West. Their grievances were primarily economic, not political. Politics entered as an afterthought. The protest against harder work developed into a protest against the native Communist bosses, and then against Russia. The workers of Pilsen and East Germany decidedly did not rebel because of their affection for the West.

This brings me to the point that on June 1, when trouble first broke out in Pilsen, we in the West had no clear idea of what the satellite workers, whom we intended to liberate, really wanted, nor did they know what such a liberation would bring them. If anything has been said on the subject in Washington, it has dealt mainly with "bringing freedom" to Eastern Europe. But what is our notion of freedom, and does it agree with the notions and hopes now prevailing in the satellite countries?

MANY crucial questions are in order. Does liberation mean a restoration of pre-Communist regimes, some of them strongly anti-democratic and a few utterly discredited? It is possible that the satellite workers might prefer private ownership, under which they could strike for better pay and working conditions, to today's Red no-strike sweatshop. But would they want some émigré financiers or American banks to take over such vast new state projects as Poland's Nowa Huta or Hungary's Dunapentele? The Communists have made a mockery of the land reform by forcing the new small holders into collective farms—40 per cent of Hungary's and 60 per cent of Bulgaria's land has been collectivized. But would liberation mean a return to the pre-war system of feudal landlordism?

The Communists have barred the children of the middle class from universities, but they have opened the gates wide for the workers' sons. Will liberation again make universities largely inaccessible to the poor? And, if only on paper, the Communists have developed a program of social security. Would it be totally discarded in the age of liberation as a piece of Communist deviltry?

Properly, the job of formulating an alternative program to communism should belong to the émigrés. If there is such a detailed and publicized blueprint, I am not aware of it. Most of the émigré newspapers are filled instead with libel, with bickering over who is more deserving of the American bounty, and with a childish appraisal of events in Eastern Europe. In Munich a group of fascist Hungarian officers meets in a gay celebration with their ex-Nazi "comrades-in-arms." A Hungarian paper discloses that the Hungarian émigré circles have been squabbling over which Hungarian officer is to lead an army of liberation into Hungary. Church masses are read for Szalasi, the last war-time Premier of Hungary, whose hoodlums made the waters of the Danube run red with the blood of massacred Jews. And there is an endless battle between the "in" and "outs" for the privilege of addressing their homelands over the Western radio stations.

Is there any indication that the majority of these émigrés are more acceptable to the satellite peoples than are the detested Communists? And is it not reasonable to expect that if Eastern Europe is free again, its leadership might emerge from the Communist internment camps and prisons?

All these questions must be thought out before there can be talk of liberation. Unless they are, the lessons of the costly June uprisings will be lost upon us, and we shall remain as unprepared to meet future Communist crises as we so obviously were unprepared to meet this one.

WANTED: A PRESIDENT

Mr. Get-along Isn't One . . . *by Bruce Catton*

Washington

ACCORDING to every sign Dwight D. Eisenhower is just as popular today as he was last November. His popularity provides a solid base from which to exercise irresistible leadership. Given the man, the situation, and the temper of the country, it is incomprehensible that so far no leadership has appeared.

President Eisenhower has everything in his favor. The people admire him, trust him, and quite sincerely like him. The press is all but unanimous in its desire to give him the breaks. No Republican legislator would lightly oppose him if he seemed prepared to apply the immense pressure at his disposal. Yet the record of legislative achievement, after nearly five months of his Administration, is inconsequential. No one is quite sure what the President's program is. He can get just about anything he wants, but aside from a truce in Korea he does not seem to want anything very badly.

That is not to say that an Administration program is not taking shape. It is, but the leadership is not coming from the White House. It is coming from Capitol Hill and from big business. Eisenhower's record is one of fine words and incessant compromises. There is danger that his very ability to exercise effective leadership may atrophy from disuse. Each compromise makes it a little less likely that he can eventually seize the helm firmly. Widespread disgust with a situation in which the nation's destiny seemed to be at the mercy of petty politics was unquestionably a principal factor in the Republican victory last fall; but petty politics, and politicians, have not yet been ridden down.

Symptomatic is the eleven-point legis-

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lative program announced from the White House early in February. The words "from the White House" are used designedly. The President did not formally announce the program; he agreed on it with Republican leaders at a White House meeting and let them make the announcement as they came out. That program, summarized briefly, called for: renewal of the President's power to reorganize federal departments; passage of all appropriation bills by the House by May 15; statehood for Hawaii; amendments to the Taft-Hartley act; limited extension of controls on scarce materials; transfer of ownership of offshore oil to the states; extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act; simplification of customs procedures; extension of social security to uncovered groups; extension of federal aid for school construction in defense areas; a bill to increase the number of commissioners for the District of Columbia from three to five.

THE REORGANIZATION bill has been passed, chiefly because the Democrats went down the line for the Eisenhower plan when the Republicans balked. The offshore-oil bill was passed. Four of the eleven appropriation bills made the May 15 deadline. The rest is silence—or, if not exactly silence, delay and inaction. No Presidential message was sent to Congress on amending Taft-Hartley, extending social security, simplifying customs procedures, extending federal aid to schools, or increasing the number of District commissioners. A message was sent up on reciprocal trade but no Administration bill; to fill the vacuum, Representative Simpson of Pennsylvania, diehard tariff protectionist, wrote his own. It soon appeared that the price of modifying the Simpson bill into something the White House could accept would be assurance of a safe protectionist majority on the Tariff Commission.

The most influential voice raised about the federal budget is not that of the President but of penny-pinching Representative Taber of New York. On the excess-profits tax and reduction of the income tax—two matters vitally connected with the projected balancing of the budget—the strongest influence is that of Dan Reed, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee.

Apparently it will also be Reed who finally decides what if anything can be done about broadening social-security coverage.

The point I wish to make is that the White House could get its way on such matters if it really fought. Instead, it has been dominated by a desire to accommodate itself to the will of the leaders on Capitol Hill—to "get along," to make deals, to avert any semblance of a split in the party.

Even the attempt to revamp the State Department has been blunted by this desire for harmony. One of the soundest criticisms of the last Administration was that in one way or another it had permitted the State Department to be terrorized by the McCarthys and the McCarrans. In many important policy matters the State Department had become their prisoner. Under Ike it was going to be different. But the State Department has not regained its independence. Scott McLeod, its security officer, is a visible symbol of the fact that its personnel may not flout the Senatorial wish. On the horizon of every department employee is always a McLeod no bigger than a man's hand.

A PROBABLY more important failure to exert leadership is seen in the President's selection of men to operate the political machine through which, ultimately, his program must be translated into action—the Republican Party itself. His first choice for chairman of the Republican National Committee, Wesley Roberts, fell into difficulties in connection with a financial deal in Kansas and was allowed to resign. To succeed him, the President named ex-Representative Leonard Hall of New York. The striking thing about this appointment is that during Hall's service in Congress, from 1939 to 1952, he voted against so many things to the support of which President Eisenhower is firmly committed.

He voted, for instance, against extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act. In 1950 he voted to kill the Point Four program and subsequently to limit defense spending for the fiscal year 1953 to $46,000,000,000. In 1949 he voted to cut in half the authorization for military aid to Europe in the Mutual Defense Assistance Act. Last year he voted to lop nearly two billion from the Mutual Security Act, although General Eisenhower, then in Europe, had just cabled that such a cut would endanger the military build-up which he considered essential to United States security. He voted to lift price and rent controls, against expansion of social security, to end federal aid to schools in defense areas, to kill slum clearance and public housing, to curb rural electrification, and, in 1948, against the federal soil-conservation program.

The President's desire to have harmony with Congress at almost any cost—which, in the end, means abdication of the leadership function itself—calls to mind the case of Ulysses S. Grant, the only other West Pointer to become President. Grant believed that the President should take his cue from Congress—that he was the instrument of the people's will and that the people's will was expressed through their representatives in Congress. Following this theory, Grant let Congress get entirely out of control. He is generally considered to have been the country's weakest President.

One is also reminded of the legendary young West Pointer who after getting his commission as second lieutenant was assigned to a Western Indian-country post run by a colonel famous for eating young lieutenants alive. To his surprise, the colonel received him graciously and asked him to sit down for a talk. With his confidence restored the young officer remarked as he rose to leave, "Colonel, I believe you and I are going to get along very well." "Yes," said the colonel, with a faint frosty smile, "but you will do most of the getting."

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ITALY'S RURAL REDS

Lessons of the Election . . *Joseph G. La Palombara*

Milan, Italy

BEHIND the rationalizations and recriminations which have characterized post-electoral comment in Italy and abroad lies a most unpleasant political fact: after five years of Christian Democratic government—and almost three billion dollars in American aid—the strength of the center parties is considerably less than it was in 1948, whereas the left has continued to make gains and the right has revealed marked capacity for growth. This trend away from the political center is clearly shown in the table below, which compares the results of the 1948 and 1953 elections. The serious losses of the center can be ascribed in part to widespread public dissatisfaction with the last government's program and in part to the center's inability to recreate the life-or-death atmosphere of the 1948 campaign in an Italy which has come to accept crisis as endemic.

Even if the center parties work together and can maintain the slight majorities which they enjoy in both houses, it is evident that to assure a stable government they must either recapture the support they have lost or make inroads into new areas. The first approach would mean concentrating on southern Italy, where the Monarchists and neo-Fascists drew many voters away from the Christian Democrats. The task would be extremely arduous, for there is much dissatisfaction with economic conditions, and southern Italians still feel an amazingly strong—at times fanatical—attraction toward the monarchy and the paternalistic security it symbolizes. The half-million votes obtained by the Monarchists in the Naples area are vivid testimony to this. Certainly the center would find it very difficult to reverse a political trend now in full momentum.

It might therefore find the second approach more rewarding—that is, a vigorous attempt to win converts in new areas, particularly in sections where the attachment of the populace to the extreme left is plainly incongruous. A promising area would be the agricultural regions of north-central Italy, where contrary to popular belief Italian communism has its most important strongholds. In these regions the extreme left often obtains 50 per cent of the total votes cast. In the administrative elections of 1951-52, for example, it got 48.7 per cent of the votes in Tuscany, 49 per cent in Emilia-Romagna, and 52.5 per cent in Umbria. In 1953 these provinces gave 51.7 per cent, 53.1 per cent, and 53.5 per cent to the Communists, Nenni Socialists, and their allies.

From almost any analytical standpoint these areas could be expected to return a heavier vote to the Christian Democrats. The fact that they do not brings us up against the seeming paradox of highly conservative peasants voting for a revolutionary extreme, of humble religious folk following the atheistic precepts of Marx and Lenin, of a tradition-bound group favoring radical social and economic change. The phenomenon is complex and the explanation difficult. This can best be illustrated by a closer look at one of these regions.

Umbria is one of the most beautiful and historically interesting sections of the country. The hardworking *mezzadri,* or share-croppers, who make up approximately 60 per cent of the population preserve the customs and relics of antiquity with the same diligence they show in tilling the sculptured plains and hillsides. This tenacious guardianship of the past is coupled with religious fervor, the mystical aspects of which are said to derive from the ancient Etruscan civilization. Yet the countryside is more red than even the highly industrialized pro-Communist city of Terni.

The reason, if one can be hazarded, appears to lie in the organizational and propagandistic capacities of the left and in the basic egoism of the Umbrian peasant. Of course, where socio-economic conditions are marginal or worse, the Communists have found their task all the easier. They must be credited, however, with having successfully carried their message—orally or on paper—into

	Percentage of Votes Cast		
	1948	*1953*	*Net change %*
Center			
Christian Democrats	48.5	40.1	— 8.4
Social Democrats	7.1	4.5	— 2.6
Liberals	3.8	3.0	— 0.8
Republicans	2.5	1.6	— 0.9
Others	0.7	0.5	— 0.2
	62.6	49.7	—12.9
Left			
Communists	31.0	22.6	
Socialists		12.7	
Others		1.4	
	31.0	36.7	+5.7
Right			
Monarchists	2.8	6.9	4.1
Neo-Fascists	2.0	5.8	3.8
	4.8	12.7	7.9

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the remotest corners of the region, to isolated villages and farms where the arrival of a person from outside is an event of the first order. One democratic trade-union leader whom I met in Umbria frankly admitted that the Communist political organizers endured hardships in their proselyting forays which would be unthinkable to workers for the center. He added that the center cannot make use of clerics there as it does in other parts of Italy because the Popes and their underlings were for many years the most feudal of Umbria's landlords.

At Perugia last October I encountered an excellent example of the versatility of Communist propaganda. The Communist and Socialist parties, assisted by their trade-union adjunct, the Italian General Confederation of Labor, organized an art exhibit in the medieval Palazzo dei Priori, ostensibly to depict the life of the countryside. The show had little artistic merit, but its political success was demonstrated by the crowds of peasants and workers who came to marvel at the paintings, at the publicity for "their cause," and at the fact that prominent Communist and Socialist deputies had paid big prices for particularly "meritorious" paintings.

Propaganda dovetails with the peasants' egoism when it touches on land redistribution. The current emphasis is on the peasants' right to a larger share of what the land produces. Recently the Communist Labor Confederation forced the landlords to grant 53 per cent of the net output to the *mezzadri,* and it will undoubtedly keep pressing for more. And behind this reiterated demand lies the clearly articulated promise that the land itself will some day belong to those who cultivate it.

THAT IN BRIEF was the situation which confronted the center parties in the recent election campaign. The returns showed that it is not enough to put up placards on city and village walls saying that the Communists will not carry out their promises of land distribution. The peasant is psychologically attuned to accept a promise which gratifies a basic desire, and as long as the Communists do not have the responsibility of governing, no convincing proof of their insincerity can be offered. References to hangings at Prague or the plight of Soviet farmers are not adequate counterbalances to Communist successes in wresting benefits for the peasant from the landlord and, often, the state.

Nor has an appeal to religion—the "Christ or Communism" slogan of 1948—been effective. Devout as they are, the Umbrians have a long tradition of anticlericalism. The organized church and its representatives are viewed with suspicion if not open hostility. The peasant who hangs the portraits of Christ and Togliatti side by side on his kitchen wall sees no contradiction in the act. Christ, he believes, will see to his mystical needs on earth and to his life after death; Togliatti will take care of his material and temporal demands.

From the center's point of view the answer must lie in the propaganda of the *deed.* A courageous and dynamic program for effecting a real improvement in the peasants' way of life must be undertaken if the center wants to regain its lost ground. The De Gasperi government will have to facilitate and compel private investment as well as continue its public works. As a first step interest rates on industrial investment might be lowered; the present high rates have both hampered industrial development and motivated landowners to put their money into this branch of the economy rather than back into the land.

The Christian Democrats should have begun such a program in earnest five years ago. Their failure to do so very nearly cost them this election. But because the imperfect operation of the 1948 electoral law has given the center a small working majority in the Chamber, it may still be able to govern the country for another five years. During this period the Christian Democrats must take specific unequivocal steps in the direction of comprehensive reform. The minor parties, which up to now have had almost no program, must seek to keep the Christian Democrats from moving toward the right, a perilous step favored by many of De Gasperi's enemies within his party. Positive action by the center parties would do much more to influence the *mezzadri* than their present negative attitude of simply being anti-Communist. Such a concrete program might even be instrumental in bringing Pietro Nenni and his Socialists back into the center.

In the final analysis the center must recognize that theory and ideology interest the peasants very little. Its leaders are not communicating with these people when they engage in abstract discussions of the impact which Marxism-Stalinism would have on democratic freedoms. The Communists almost ignore Marx and concentrate on tractors, housing, and electricity. It will not be easy to change the peasants' present allegiance, but it can be done if the language used is meaningful, if promises are specific and sincere, and if the abstract advantage of a democratic society which the *mezzadro* has never experienced and does not really understand is not the only alternative offered to the cold economic enticements of the left.

Prime Minister de Gasperi

The recent elections should not be viewed as a demonstration that the Italians are ungrateful for good government and anarchistically inclined. Instead, it must be recognized that the Italian voters, more than thirteen million of them, feel that there are fundamental social problems which have yet to be tackled. The *Corriere della Sera* of Milan was quite correct in comparing Italy's internal tensions to a religious struggle, but the paper's conclusion that "the only symbol which can be placed in opposition to the hammer and sickle is the cross" is as dangerous as it is misleading. To act on this assumption would mean that the center itself had perpetrated the greatest betrayal of Italian democracy.

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REVOLT AGAINST IKE

Wisconsin's Battle Royal . . . *by Miles McMillin*

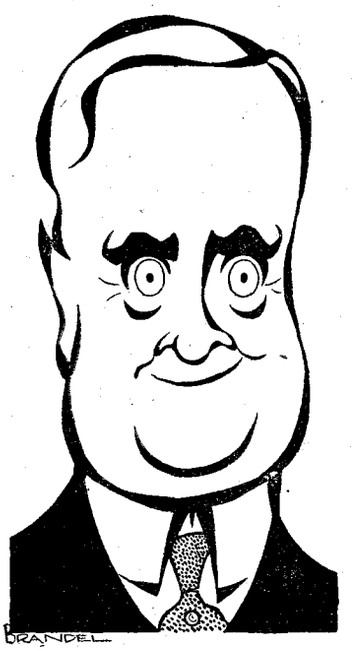
Madison, Wis.

ONE of Senator McCarthy's oldest tricks with Wisconsin Republican audiences is to open a speech with the remark, "It is good to be out of Washington and back in the United States." The effectiveness of the gag indicates the provincialism of the dominant political group in Wisconsin. In their political spectrum Washington is as far away as Paris or even Moscow. One often gets the impression that when the President or Secretary of State expresses "internationalist" views he seems as much a foreigner to them as the Italian Premier. One reason McCarthy appeals to them is that "he sure tells those people down in Washington."

It was not surprising therefore, that the recent Republican state convention at Madison had all the appearance of an anti-Eisenhower rally. The President was not attacked directly but through the state's senior Senator, Alexander Wiley, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Wiley came to the convention to plead for support for the President's foreign policy. Few prominent figures in Wisconsin's turbulent political history have ever been more crudely abused. He was virtually ignored by the party leaders from the time he came to town until he left. No outstanding Republican would accompany him to the speakers' platform when he entered the convention hall. About half the audience applauded politely when he was introduced, but there was a ringing chorus of lusty boos. His address, a straightforward delineation of the Eisenhower foreign policy, was not once interrupted with applause, and when he finished he was booed and heckled.

Afterward the convention passed a resolution censuring him for his support of Eisenhower's position on the Bricker amendment and demanding that he reverse his stand. He was also criticized for agreeing with the President on the need of changes in the McCarran act.

Senator Wiley knew of course that he would face trouble at the convention. He had been informed that a telegram had been sent by the Committee for Constitutional Government to many



Senator Wiley

county chairmen urging his "impeachment" if he did not change his position. Wiley's strategy was to meet the attack with a plea for loyalty to the President. He concluded his address: "The President is a great leader, a dedicated, consecrated man. He is our Republican leader. Let us not fail him."

ACTUALLY, Senator Wiley's views found much more favor than the debate and vote indicated. But his supporters were completely cowed by the McCarthy and Taft crowd. No one wanted to stand up against Thomas E. Coleman, boss of the party, who looks upon pre-Chicago support of Eisenhower as akin to treason. No one cared to risk an encounter with the boisterous fanatical McCarthyites who flock to Republican conventions to back their champion. No responsible party official came to the defense of Senator Wiley. The timid Governor Kohler, who is presumably an Eisenhower man, has long since surrendered to McCarthy's roustabouts. Kohler's only public comment was that the resolution was "ill-advised."

The friends of the President are neither bold nor organized. The difference between them and the McCarthy-Taft forces is illustrated by the different ways in which the convention received the two Senators. The Eisenhower Republicans stood and applauded for Wiley; the McCarthy-Taft people sat and booed. When McCarthy walked on to the platform the McCarthy-Taft people stood and roared their approval; the Eisenhower group also stood, though many did refrain from applauding.

The timidity continues despite ample signs that McCarthy's popularity is on the wane with party workers. Republican legislators who have defended him in the past say privately that he has gone too far and that he is damaging the party by his harassment of the Administration. These professionals understood McCarthy when he went after the Democratic Administration, but his present conduct seems an attempt to gratify his own ambitions at the expense of the party. They will not be quoted and they cannot be expected to lead the fight against him, but it was easy to find anti-McCarthy sentiment among Republicans in the legislature and in the convention.

A young Madison lawyer who heads the Democratic organization in Dane County, where McCarthy was badly trounced last fall, said the other day that it was strange to see McCarthy's political power increasing as his popularity declined. A convention of editors of Wisconsin weeklies was recently surveyed by LeRoy Gore, a Sauk City publisher. Gore reported in his paper that he talked with sixteen weekly publishers who had actively supported McCarthy in 1952. "Of the sixteen," he

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said, "no less than eleven have had enough. They're off Joe's wagon for keeps. Four more have lost so much of their enthusiasm for Joe that they no longer support him, although they aren't actively opposing him. One—just one of the sixteen—still regards Joe as the Moses to lead us out of the wilderness."

It should be remembered that McCarthy trailed far behind Eisenhower and Kohler in the election last fall. A survey I have made among politicians, clergymen, and other prominent citizens has turned up just two men who think McCarthy's standing with the people has improved since then. One of these is a Republican who works for the party and the other a Democratic state senator. Despite this evidence, the only outstanding Republican with the courage or disposition to face a showdown with McCarthy is his primary opponent of last year, Len Schmitt.

A TEST of McCarthy's strength may come this year in a special election which Governor Kohler says he will call to fill the vacancy created by the death of Representative Merlin Hull, a veteran Republican from the state's Ninth District in northwestern Wisconsin. A young Republican Assemblyman named Arthur Peterson is seeking the Republican nomination. Peterson is an outspoken foe of McCarthy and a strong supporter of President Eisenhower. After bitterly attacking McCarthy in the 1951 session of the legislature, he went to Korea with his Marine unit and successfully withstood an attempt of the McCarthyites to purge him in the primary of 1952. If he makes the McCarthy-Eisenhower schism his issue, he will, of course, have to fight the party organization. One of his announced opponents, state Senator Arthur Padrutt, who may get the party's indorsement, is complaining that such is Peterson's intention. Two other announced candidates are straight McCarthyites; Padrutt has not committed himself but may have to if he wants organization support.

If Peterson, a tall, handsome, scholarly young man who frequently takes his father's pulpit to preach, is successful he will have overturned the isolationist tradition of the district. Hull, despite repeated efforts of the Republican organization to purge him because of his support for New Deal and Fair Deal domestic measures, was always an easy winner. A former Progressive, he was an isolationist of the old mold, convinced that the ills of the world were traceable to the British Empire.

The district is largely rural, and the Democrats are eying it hopefully. They believe that opposition to the Eisenhower farm program has presented them with an opportunity to take the seat.

Henry Luce and I

By H. J. Sachs

Ruston, La.

I AM beginning my twenty-fifth year of teaching in a good small college. Henry Luce is beginning his sixteenth year of editing *Time* and his eleventh year of editing *Life*. I have taught a total of about three thousand students and have tried to get them to think about literature and interpretations of life through literature. Henry Luce has told more than thirty million readers what to think about war and peace, government and economics, movies and radio, divorce and crime, God and the devil, and hundreds of other subjects.

In my teaching I try scrupulously to differentiate between fact and opinion, possibilities and probabilities. Henry Luce reports in quotation marks the private conversations of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and Malenkov—conversations reported in quotation marks by no other publication and remarks which have been heard by no ear save his own supernaturally endowed one. What I say is the product of my study and thinking, but Luce can order hundreds of persons to write what he wants them to write, and he can use only that part of their writing which he likes. I cast my little vote. He helps make Presidents.

Obviously Luce is far more intelligent than I. He, not I, saw the tremendous possibilities in a novel kind of news magazine. He, not I, recognized what could be done with a magazine devoted almost exclusively to pictures. Hundreds of college teachers, however, are better educated, more intelligent, and more honest than Luce; yet Luce probably has more influence on public opinion in the United States than all the college teachers combined.

Of course I have known all this for years. Always there has been the consolation that one does one's little best and hopes that truth will prevail. But what consolation remains if one no longer dares to do his best? Newspapers and radio and news magazines are giving students a set of dogmas which teachers can challenge only at great peril. At a recent teachers' convention one English teacher reported that some of his students objected to an honest interpretation of the influence of the Industrial Revolution on eighteenth-century literature. Another said he had been advised not to mention biology in describing the thoughts of Victorian authors. One might as well try to describe a cheese sandwich without mentioning the cheese.

A teacher of history reported that he had been reprimanded for saying there were two sides to the debate about Yalta. A speech teacher was called on the carpet because one of his students in discussing Red China said that our country had always recognized de facto governments. In one of my own classes the other day I was discussing the tragedy of Keats's premature death. I mentioned in passing how deplorable it is that at a time when medicine is making giant strides there are so many who cannot afford the best medical care, and that while we are learning how to save hundreds of thousands of lives through modern medicine we are also learning how to kill hundreds of millions through modern war. "Well," said one youngster, "you're not advocating socialized medicine or pacifism, are you?" I hastened to reassure him, but I find myself spending more and more time on pure aesthetics and the pretty little flowers of literature.

Disgustingly craven, you say? But I assure you that no one not teaching in a college has any idea how frightened teachers are.

H. J. SACHS is professor of English at Louisiana Polytechnic Institute.

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BOOKS

Publishing for the New Age

By Ashley Montagu

IT HAS been said that history never repeats itself but that historians sometimes do. At the risk of appearing repetitious I make bold to suggest that book publishers take a good long look at the dinosaurs, and then get down to business—and I mean business. The dinosaurs grew to enormous dimensions, and as their bellies swelled their brains declined, till from sheer size and psychosclerosis they got stuck in the mud and died out.

There is something wrong with book publishing in America. In the Age of Man publishers are producing books for the Age of Dinosaurs—the dinosaurs being themselves. Instead of talking to the public the publishers talk to each other under the impression that they are playing ring-around-a-rosy, with the public in the middle, when in fact the public remains largely outside the ring. Who are the publishers kidding? One could answer, no one but themselves, were it not for the disservice they are doing their authors and the public they should be serving.

I am writing this article not as an author but as a member of the book-reading public, as a reader who would like to see publishers sell more books and the public read more books. I should like to see publishers *earn* more money by being brainier, better business men, and at the same time taking their social obligations more seriously. Taking one's social responsibilities seriously means, un-dinosaurlike, to look at the facts of life squarely and respond by making the required adjustments. Let it be remembered that it is not the biggest or the fightingest who survive but the *fittest*. Fitness means changing with the requirements of a changing world.

Taking the United States as it is and not as we think it ought to be, we start off with the fact that there are fewer book readers in this country per centum of population than in any other literate nation of the Western world. This fact is sometimes blamed upon the faults of our educational system. It is true that our educational system leaves much to be desired, and that fundamental work needs to be done here which would have among other effects that of greatly increasing the size of the book-reading public; however, it should be pointed out that the fact that Americans don't buy or read as many books as people in other parts of the literate Western world does not mean that Americans don't read as much as other people do. This is the inference often drawn. The truth is that Americans are largely a magazine-reading people; they will spend 25 or 35 cents on a magazine more readily than most other people, and the success of the 25- and 35-cent paper books have proved that a great part of the magazine-reading public will buy books and read them if the price is right.

With the cost of living reaching an all-time high, the necessities of life are increasingly taking precedence over what is coming to be thought of as "unnecessary" necessities. Why spend money on luxuries when you don't have to? Books at $3.50, $5, or more are certainly luxuries. Looked at from the angle of the 35-cent book they take on the aspect of the most wanton extravagance.

In short, publishers have not only got to accept and adjust themselves to the facts of life, but they must realize that it will be to everyone's advantage if they do so. However good their reasons for publishing books in the style of the age that is about to pass into history, publishers will have to turn to new styles of production which will enable them to issue books at more attractive prices.

Books issued at an attractive price are a beginning, not an end. Low-priced books will still have to be sold. Publishers must begin to think of new methods of distribution and marketing. Advertising in the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* book-review sections will, I think, always be desirable, even if little more is done than to quote what the reviewers have said in earlier issues. But when publishers behave as if they believed that this is the way to sell books, one may legitimately begin to wonder. Can it be that publishers have run out of ideas since the invention of the cocktail party? It looks very much like it.

THE JOB that the publishers should have done years ago is being done by the book clubs. Why didn't publishers think of selling their books in this way? Yes, I know that one or two did, and are still successfully doing so, but this is not really what I have in mind. The 35-cent-book publishers have called into being new techniques of distribution and marketing from which all publishers have a great deal to learn.

There are about 1,000 booksellers in the United States, and of these the majority are within 500 miles of New York. Some of these booksellers are found in the department stores; less than 200 are independent booksellers. Too many towns in the United States do not boast such a thing as a bookstore. Obviously the outlets which do exist—and there are more than 8,000—can reach but a very small proportion of the potential public for books. Can publishers do anything to encourage the return of the independent bookseller? I think they can by providing him with books that he can sell.

Numerous media for the marketing of books await development, and high on the list of these I would place one that many publishers look upon as a competitor, namely, television. Again, unless publishers wake up and do something about this medium for marketing books it is likely to be taken out of their hands. What marvelous review and discussion programs of books one can imagine! What a stupendous advertising medium publishers have here! Since with new manufacturing methods books can be produced in large quantities at low prices and since with improved methods of distribution so many more books will be sold, there should be a much greater amount of money available for all sorts of advertising media.

Furthermore, I would suggest that with quantity the material quality of the book could be improved. Better paper

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ASHLEY MONTAGU, professor of anthropology at Rutgers University, is the author of the much-discussed "Natural Superiority of Women."

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and wider margins could be used, so that our new inexpensive books would be at least as durable as the old German Tauchnitzes were. Ephemeral books may be printed on ephemeral paper, but good books deserve good paper and adequate margins. Cutting margins, I suspect, terminates in cutting profits. It is a short-term view which leads to such practices; what publishers need is more long-term thinking. Every publisher tries to build a strong backlog of books on which he can rely. He would not long endure if he attempted to live by flash-in-the-pans. But since publishers really do take the long view in regard to the traditionally published book, why not with books to be published for the New Age?

In Continental Europe low-priced, well-produced paper-covered books have been successfully published for more than a century. In England fitful attempts were made during the nineteenth century to introduce paper-bound books. Among the most successful of these were those sold at railway stations, which were therefore called "Railway Books," but for some reason these and other paper-bound editions died out. It was not until the second quarter of the present century, with the launching of the highly successful Penguin Books, that a really telling demonstration was made of what could be done this way.

I well remember, in 1928, meeting the publisher who was later among the first to publish the cheap paper-cover books in this country and urging him to undertake the publication of such books. His reply was that it could not be done successfully in the United States. Well, we have found that it *can* be done. What publishers must have the wisdom to recognize is that it not only can but must be done on a much wider scale than has hitherto been attempted; indeed, that the paper-covered book must become the standard book—while all other books remain the luxuries they have become.

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Home and the Traveler

THE MOON AND THE BONFIRES. By Cesare Pavese. Translated from the Italian by Marianne Ceconi. Farrar, Straus and Young. $3.

By Helene Cantarella

CESARE PAVESE, considered one of Italy's most significant post-war writers before he took his own life in 1950, was haunted by man's rootlessness in a world of increasing complexity and contradiction and by his need to achieve a synthesis of moral values which would restore his sense of unity with life and thus restore him to himself. In none of his earlier works is this search for integration better described than in "The Moon and the Bonfires," the last novel Pavese was to write and the first to be published in this country. It is a complex and often perplexing book, for its symbolism is not always easily accessible. None the less, it makes compelling and unforgettable reading.

Told in the first person, the story is the journey in time and space of an Italian who, having fled as a youth to seek his fortune in a mythical "America," comes home in his maturity, rich in the world's goods but spiritually adrift. With his boyhood friend Nuto, the protagonist's *alter ego* who stayed behind, he tries to explore and recreate the past in the hope that it will reveal whether he should sink roots in the surroundings of his childhood or pursue his destiny as a "traveler" forever seeking a lovelier, richer village, another "America."

Together he and Nuto roam through the Piedmontese countryside and in a skilful contrapuntal interplay of past and present evoke the ghosts of those who had peopled their valley and who are now dead—the proud owners of La Mora, where the "traveler" had been apprenticed as a child, their three beautiful and ill-starred daughters, the youngest of whom had been shot as a Nazi informer during the Liberation and burned on the highest hill of Gaminella, which still bore a mark like the bed of a bonfire.

What was left of all that, of the life these people had lived, the wars they had fought, the hopes they had nursed? Nothing and everything. Life went on the way it always had. Better perhaps if everything could go up in bonfires of dried grass—those symbolic generating fires that "wake up the earth"—so people might start over again; or if people did as in "America"—the symbolic Moon of the title—where, "when

HELENE CANTARELLA is a member of the faculty of Smith College.

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you were sick of something, a job or a place, you just changed."

In the valley, unfortunately, nothing ever changed except the actors. And their fate was uniformly tragic. The "traveler," however, having once cut himself adrift, can make a choice, and he does, if only by indirection. Although he has "come home" in every sense of the word, he makes possible the flight to "America" of the waif Cinto, who thus becomes a projection of himself into the future.

Pavese's posthumously published diary, "Il Mestiere di vivere" ("The Job of Living"), gives one a clear idea of his anguish as he wrestled with these problems and sought his own solution first in communism, then in love (significantly enough for an American woman who is the object of his lyrics), both of which failed him.

Mrs. Wharton's Novels

EDITH WHARTON. A Study of Her Fiction. By Blake Nevius. University of California Press. $3.75.

A discerning critical study of an ambiguous artist. It is perhaps easier to take off Mrs. Wharton for her deficiencies, as Van Wyck Brooks did in "The Confident Years," than to defend her achievements, as did Edmund Wilson in "The Wound and the Bow." Mr. Nevius takes an intelligent middle course. His literary evaluations are just; his personal insights are sharp; he avoids the jargon of cult criticism. He is particularly good on such a central theme of Edith Wharton's work as "the trapped sensibility," which to her was one of the mysteries of the moral life, if to us it may more correctly appear as the tyranny of social convention which she saw through, suffered from, and was unable to resist. The book also defines the real meaning of Mrs. Wharton's snobbery; the restricted range of her intellect (perhaps she was not after all very *bright*); and the culmination of her rather narrow but intense and genuine talent in such novels as "Ethan Frome," "The Age of Innocence," and "The Reef."

There are interesting parallels in the work of Ellen Glasgow and Willa Cather which might have been pursued further by Mr. Nevius, but meanwhile his study of the first (chronologically) of our three leading women novelists is a valuable contribution to the history of American literature.

Love Under Water

MANTA. UNDER THE RED SEA WITH SPEAR AND CAMERA. By Hans Hass. Translated from the German by James Cleugh. Rand, McNally. $4.50.

This one follows a trend in titles. Readers who can distinguish "Manta" from "Annapurna" and "Kon-Tiki" as well as from such earlier specimens as "Simba" and "Kabloona" will discover that the author, who lives in Liechtenstein and is said to be the inventor of the new oxygen-tank arrangement for underwater swimming, takes some fine pictures of sharks, sunken ships, etc., off Port Sudan. A manta turns out to be a giant ray—they sometimes reach twenty feet across—which looks like a flying saucer and is outlandish enough to figure on a Science Fiction jacket. Without as much I-do-it-all-for-science as usual this is a straightforward sporting account of everyday happenings above as well as below water in a remote outpost of the Empire. It doesn't hurt a bit that the author looks like Tarzan only better or that his beautiful secretary—explorers seem lucky that way—is more chic in a diving helmet than most women would be in something by Paquin. Anyhow the jacket says they are married by now and spent a honeymoon under water at the Great Barrier reef.

Kansas Flood

RIVER ON THE RAMPAGE. By Kenneth S. Davis. Doubleday. $3.

The greatest material catastrophe that ever struck the United States was the Kansas River flood of 1951 which slashed a deep wound right across the nation's midriff and caused damage estimated at more than $2,500,000,000. Mr. Davis, author of "Soldier of Democracy," was there and saw it. He tells about it, and about the stinking aftermath, in gripping and relentless fashion.

Like every other writer about the Missouri Basin he sees clearly the shortcomings of the so-called Missouri Basin plan dominated by the autocratic and inefficient army engineers. They say their planned works would have stopped the 1951 flood, but Mr. Davis says a shift of only a few miles in the storm's center and it would have overtopped every planned dam and levee, clear down and through Kansas City. Nature has repeated the lesson until it seems its dumbest child should have learned it—a river basin is an organic whole and can be protected and developed only as such. For ignoring this the Kansas is a ruined river, and Kansas a partly ruined state. Yet we plunge on blindly in the courses dictated by expediency and politics.

Yeats's Second String

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF W. B. YEATS. New Edition with Five Additional Plays. Macmillan. $5.

If Yeats were not so famous as a lyric poet he might be better known as a playwright. Probably he never felt quite at home with the dramatic form, and Synge struck more accurately than he did the note which the Abbey Theater was trying to find. But for all that, four or five of his plays bear the clear mark of his genius both for fantasy and for power. This companion volume to the "Collected Poems" includes the five brief pieces published since the 1934 edition of "Collected Plays." One or two are trivial, but at least two, "Purgatory" (1939) and the prose "The Words Upon the Window-Pane" (1934), are memorable. Though it is not certain that either would gain much by performance, both are in some sense highly dramatic, and the second is especially so. Perhaps the mystery and tragedy of Jonathan Swift and his Stella were never more powerfully evoked by fiction.

Childhood in Tehran

PERSIA IS MY HEART. As Told by Najmeh Najafi to Helen Hinckley. Harper. $3.

The autobiography of a Persian girl up to the time she came to the United States to study. A delightful description of childhood in an upper-class family of Tehran that admirably conveys the color and flavor of Persian life. Here again, as in other books of this type, is stressed the overriding importance of the motion pictures as America's—shall we say cultural?—ambassador. To the women of my country, says the author, "Hollywood is a magic word, bringing up visions of all that is most desirable"!

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Art

S. Lane Faison, Jr.

IN THIS the slack season of temporary exhibitions, it seemed indicated to inspect works of art with more or less permanent attachments. Accordingly, I visited the United Nations buildings to have a look at mural paintings. The most recent of these, and by far the most expressive, was completed last March by Vela Zanetti.* Erected in a wide corridor off the public balcony entrances to the council chambers, this mural unfurls its symbolic progress, left to right, from the darkness of war to the light of civilization under the benefits of the United Nations. The big horizontal space is boldly filled with a roughly symmetrical composition, and the challenge of big scale has been courageously accepted. It is admirably lighted by large window areas opposite, and the dark red flooring from which it rises provides a major key to its color organization, contrasting elements being given by grays and slate blues.

I find it difficult nowadays to digest overt allegory in painting and sculpture, though one should be willing not to reject ahead of time any given subject matter whatever. Nevertheless, allegory is a part of culture, and in ours it seems forced, whether in something as formally beautiful as Saint-Gaudens's Angel of Victory leading General Sherman on, or in something as crass as MacMonnies's Civic Virtue, which departed from City Hall some years ago. The standard of judgment about allegory should, I suppose, be the same as it has always been: is the allegory so meshed into the forms of the painting that it becomes another inseparable form, or does it exist on the surface? Zanetti, it seems to me, has almost made a go of a difficult commission, though I cannot escape the feeling that the work is both influenced by and inferior to Orozco, and that Guernica is in a different artistic class altogether.

I am aware that United Nations art should enjoy a sort of diplomatic immunity from local criticism, at least on grounds of tact. Zanetti's mural was commissioned on a gift from the Guggenheim Foundation, however, and I have therefore felt that a straightforward critical appraisal was not out of order. Per Krogh's larger mural in the Security Council is big only by the tape measure. He has unaccountably segmented it into little panels that do not fit: rectangular ones, round-arched ones, and a central one that is reminiscent of the medieval mandorla. The spaces in between are simply left empty. There is a gradual rise from a dark base containing figures much too reminiscent of Edvard Munch toward the upper friezes, which might be described as closer to Arthur Rackham than to the idea of United Nations.

In the confusing and over-decorated General Assembly, there are two Leger murals at the sides, executed by another painter on the basis of Leger's designs. I cannot believe that these pieces of blown-up ornament are serious efforts of Leger, or that he can have been properly informed as to the room in which they were to be placed. One of the murals, in ochre and light blue (on dark eggplant walls), is at least decoratively appropriate; the other, in scarlet, black, and white, is not.

UNDER ITS new director, the Museum of Non-Objective Art has been rearranged on the laudable principle of showing a little at a time. The third of his selections is now on view. As before, the walls are somewhat blindingly white, and the pictures, well separated, are framed only in narrow strips, in keeping with the theory that painting is no longer attempting the illusion of a view out the window. Near the entrance to the museum, the visitor may discover one of those signs about the dangers of excessive occupancy of the building, and the principle seems to have been applied to the artistic contents. I found the white walls, however, too glaring, as I think others will if they try the simple experiment of looking at the pictures with hands cupped beside the eyes like blinders and observe what additional richness the colors assume.

The current selection, discursive like the others, concentrates somewhat on Kandinsky, as the last one concentrated on Delaunay. One's admiration for the collecting activities of the retired director increases with each new showing, now that the major painters of the early twentieth century are no longer overbalanced by a plethora of Rudolph Bauers. Although the Kandinskys are not placed together, the visitor will find it worth his time to study them as a group. The near-fauve works of 1910 are well represented, as are the major productions of 1913 and thereabouts. There is less difference, except in much more daring scale, than one might have supposed. Though all the works of 1910 are clearly landscapes, one of those of 1913, labeled Rain, is equally non-non-objective; and this leads inescapably to the discovery that works of the same year like The White Edge, which I would place among Kandinsky's masterpieces, are based on a landscape idea. Although the late works seem hard and unfeeling by comparison, a second look at Number 235, of 1921, will produce the discovery that the oyster-white ground is not flat or mat but "islanded," like a view of shoals from a very high altitude, and thus in effect much more fluid than one first realized.

*Drawings by Vela Zanetti of sections of his mural appeared in *The Nation* of December 27, 1952.

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Films

Manny Farber

IT IS a custom among professional pipe smokers to offer romantic estimations of American moviegoers. The latest evaluation appeared in the *New Leader*—a tongue-in-cheek discription of the action-movie fans who attend shabby theaters west of Times Square. It was a classic case of what happens when a critic turns sociologist. Mr. Markfield found that the largely male audience for action and horror pictures was made up of a desperate crew—perverts, adolescent hoodlums, chronic unemployeds, and far-gone neurotics—who possessed an impeccable taste in good, unpretentious off-beat films. These moviegoers shuddered or tittered, snored or shrieked obscenities. But somehow, while unable to control their bodies and emotions in the slightest degree, they were movie critics who simply couldn't be fooled by the expensive or pretentious. "Marvelous" was the word used to describe the infallible instinct of this *Lumpenproletariat* which causes Hollywood to shake in its assorted beach sandals.

It is a dangerous thing to lump a whole audience under general labels. The writers who did this in the twenties—during the era of Griffith, Sennett, and other silent-film "greats"—convinced a world-wide reading public that American moviegoers had low standards of appreciation and were to be treated like unintelligent children. Today, it has become fashionable for intellectuals to pretend to the same level of responses as the average member of the average audience. Every day another intellectual goes "popular" with a poetic, gaga dissertation on Mickey Spillane, "Moon Mullins," Ray Robinson, or Teresa Brewer. People everywhere are now encouraged to consider the audience for pop-artists infested by aesthetes looking like roughnecks and behaving like slobs.

As a steady customer in male-audience houses, I've never seen anything odd or outstanding in the clientele. Finding interest and excitement in almost any type of film filled with brawny men, destruction, and fights, a steady procession of people fill most of the seats from midmorning until almost dawn, lapping up the bad with the good, the merely pretentious with the unheralded realistic gems. My reason for citing a difference with Mr. Markfield's illusions is to encourage moviegoers to look at the screen instead of trying to find a freak show in the audience.

"The Moon Is Blue" is a small comedy that seems to sparkle, sound monotonous, look machine-made, and appear smartly guided at the same moment. For a while it merely irritated me. A blatantly calculated actress named Maggie McNamara trades jokes with a miscast William Holden in the observation tower of the Empire State Building. The girl is supposedly a wittily open-minded ingenue actress being picked up by a "terribly sweet" and personable young architect. They both talk in empty little sentences that suggest only the psuedo-teen-age characters in popular magazine romances. After hearing innocuous things like "Oh, this is terrific" or "You're nice, I like you" in an observation tower that has been used to death by movie-makers there seems little reason to expect anything daring or smart from "The Moon Is Blue." Nevertheless, when the pair shift to the young man's bachelor apartment, the dialogue shifts to a steady drumbeat of better-than-average epigrams, and though people come through doors and answer phones as constantly as in television comedy, the movie seems to get more flexible and interesting. How this happens is a little intangible, but it may be because Miss McNamara looks natural acting a proper little pop-off and because the director, Otto Preminger, can set up a modern apartment scene that seems as shrill and phony as Broadway living actually is.

While its sex is strictly antiseptic, this Preminger project has been tagged as too "blue" in story, action, and dialogue by Joe Breen's industry-censorship department. Everybody remains idyllically pure, but the risqué lines caused the Breen office to condemn the picture. It will therefore be kept out of several thousand theaters.

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Records

B. H. Haggin

ERNEST NEWMAN devoted much of his *Saturday Review* article on Toscanini's recordings of Beethoven's nine symphonies to arguing the point that we had better not try to improve Beethoven's scoring, and above all not think he miscalculated because of his deafness, since actually "he knew perfectly well what he was about." He cited a bare-sounding passage in the last movement of the Piano Sonata Op. 111 which "is altogether 'unpianistic'" (not to my ears or to anyone else's in my experience) but which he said is an example not of miscalculation but of Beethoven's usual procedure for the particular expressive purpose. This discussion of Op. 111, said Newman, was not the digression it appeared to be: "it bears vitally on two points . . . The first

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is that it is wisest to play his music, for the most part, exactly as he has written it; the second is that there are often things in a score of his that have to be apprehended by our imagination rather than by our ear"; and he cited something in the Ninth Symphony that even Toscanini hadn't been able to make audible.

But the entire argument was a digression, since Newman didn't relate it to the facts of Toscanini's performances—notably the performance of the Ninth: Toscanini's score of this work is filled with the reinforcing doublings of woodwinds, the rewriting of horn parts (which one English reviewer questioned), and the other changes that he makes in accordance with his belief that whatever is on the printed page must be heard in the living sound. Newman didn't say in accordance with his argument that Toscanini's changes are wrong, or that in spite of his argument the changes are right: he didn't speak of the changes at all; and he had gone through his lengthy argument not to make a point about Toscanini's performances but to show off some of his favorite ideas in a performance of his own.

And though Newman eventually did get around to say things about Toscanini's performances, his only reference to the records was the statement "Here, in seven priceless records (fourteen sides), we are given in abundance everything that has gone to make him the unique figure he is . . ."—which hardly conveyed how inadequately, and even falsely, some of the wonderful performances are transmitted by these records.

The limited edition album issued by RCA Victor contains the previously issued recordings of Nos. 3 ("Eroica"), 1, and 9, and the recordings of the others that will be issued in September. I listened first to the "Eroica," which as issued in 1950 was very poor; and I was agreeably surprised by the evidence that it had been reprocessed from the original tape: the opening chords were bad, but after that the sound was agreeable and well-balanced. There was, however, a repeated hum-note; and though the de luxe features for the extra $12 include a leatherette album with a medallion of Toscanini, some purple prose about him by Samuel Chotzinoff, and Lawrence Gilman's prose on the symphonies, they don't include records free of the usual tiny scratches that click and sputter maddeningly.

On the reverse side of the "Eroica" record was No. 8, and since it had been recorded as recently as last November I was completely unprepared for sound that was dry, rough, and ear-piercingly strident (except when treble was cut down drastically). Next No. 4, made from the broadcast of February 1951, with sound that had no spaciousness, richness, and luster—the scherzo movement being the worst. Then No. 5, made from the broadcast of March 1952, with a deficiency in bass that made the sound of the first movement thin and nasty, and the bass-notes at the beginning of the second movement inaudible. When bass was stepped up a lot the over-all sound became more solid and agreeable, but those notes in the second movement remained barely audible (one wonders what was done to get them past Toscanini's ear).

That left Nos. 2, 7, 1, 6, and 9, recorded in that order between October 1951 and March 1952. The last four were the best, with sound that was full, spacious, well-balanced, and luminous—except that the scherzo of No. 7 was a little dry and strident and the finale more so. No. 2 also was a little dry, less full and spacious, and a little strident in the finale.

But even the best didn't offer sound as fabulously beautiful as that of the Respighi "Fountains of Rome" recently issued by Mercury, the Strauss "Aus Italien" just issued by Urania, the Mahler "Lied von der Erde" recently issued by London. Such results and the methods of producing them appear to be standardized by now (on the "Fountains" envelope I read that Mercury used "a single Telefunken microphone—in this instance hung about fifteen feet directly over the conductor's podium"); how, then, does it happen that at this late date Victor turns out something like that strident Beethoven Eighth?

In a box within Newman's article Irving Kolodin characterized Victor's de luxe album as "a handsome frame for a noble picture." But a better specimen of the Kolodin method of operation occurred in a review of the Flagstad record of the "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" finales: Kolodin found that in the "Siegfried" duet "Furtwängler leads with a masterful hand," and could "only regret that a conductor of more Wagnerian temperament than Sebastian was not Flagstad's pacemaker in the ['Götterdämmerung'] Immolation"—when what he had listened to was Sebastian conducting the "Siegfried" and Furtwängler the "Götterdämmerung."

Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze" I don't find as enjoyable as some of his other sets of piano pieces. The performance by Joseph Battista is good (MGM).

George Barati's String Quartet (1944), played by the California String Quartet, is an elaborate piece whose meaning I don't understand (Contemporary).

Letters

The Law and the Commandment

Dear Sirs: At about 5 p.m., Monday, June 8, 1953, I got on a Broad Street No. 6 bus at the corner of Main and Ninth Streets, in Richmond, Virginia, and stood until the bus reached the corner of Seventh and Franklin Streets, when I took a seat next to the window on the left hand side of the bus. Shortly thereafter a very attractive boy about fourteen years old, neat, well-dressed, sat down beside me. I entered into a conversation with him and learned that he was a student in the eighth grade of one of our Richmond schools and that he was planning to enter high school in the near future.

While we were talking, the bus reached Broad and went up Broad to around Second Street. The bus driver, a Mr. Lewis, then stopped the bus and came back where we were talking and ordered the boy, even though there were a number of vacant seats in front of us, to get up and go to the rear of the bus. I protested to the bus driver, who replied roughly, "I must enforce the law." I said I was a Christian minister and that I did not approve of his ordering the boy to go to the rear of the bus. If the boy had been a Chinese or a North Korean he would not have been ordered

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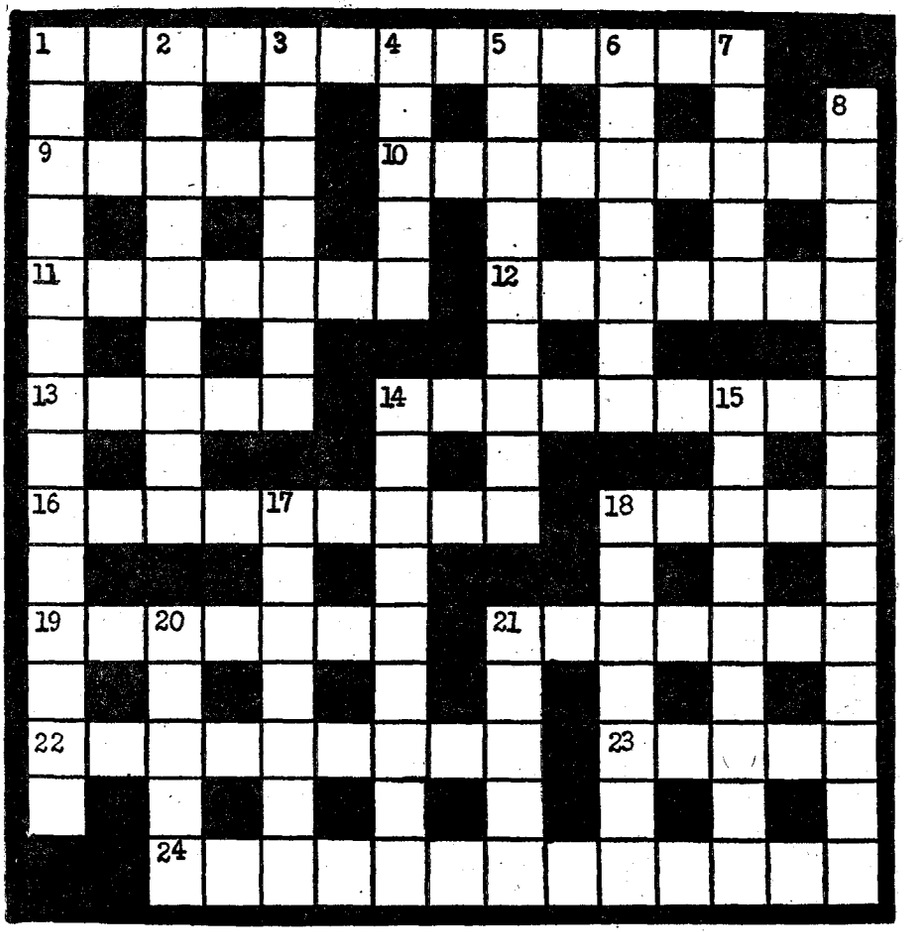

ACROSS

1 Low fellow by degrees, therefore the little teacher winds up loose. (5, 8)
9 Abyssinian victory, Italian defeat. (5)
10 Thicket group? (9)
11 Mr. Klein in Moscow. (7)
12 Counter. (7)
13 Faces regarded retrogressive in esteem. (5)
14 — when the alarm goes off? (Pauses en route, too!) (4, 5)
16 If you do, does it imply a liquor sample? (4, 5)
18 A friend to the French island. (5)
19 Are hers like a clipper? (7)
21 Cut back with a dearth of fish. (7)
22 A pecular fellow isn't safe here! (3, 3, 3)
23 No tag dance! (5)
24 Not exactly a beach sandal—Ancistrodon piscivorous, rather. (5, 8)

DOWN

1 Shoemaker's dance? (10, 4)
2 Good advice to hackers, if one takes a powder, for example. (9)
3 Isn't exactly so clear, as they might say in sooth. (7)
4 Bird, hooded in the old days. (5)
5 "Flat" suits such performers! (9)
6 Spicules. (7)
7 This sort of tree is superior to the mixed type of animal. (5)
8 Speech anonymous? (7, 7)
14 Trouble, if it's an over-riser! (9)
15 Slick horses? They could make a pretty picture! (3, 6)
17 Talk of a mad dog? Sometimes it's wild! (7)
18 Expedient, after the body is in state. (7)
20 Equip. (5)
21 Freeing from slavery, when the nice man leaves court. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 521

ACROSS:—1 SHORT CIRCUITS; 10 LANCE; 12 COLONISTS; 13 EMBER; 14 GOOD RIDDANCE; 19 and 8 down GRANDFATHERS CLOCK; 22 LEHAR; 24 PARTISANS; 25 SPLAYFOOT; 26 and 11 across GRAIN ELEVATORS; 27 RAILROAD TRAIN.

DOWN:—2 HANDLE; 3 RHEINGOLD; 4 CLEPSYDRA; 5 REELS; 6 UKASE; 7 TROMBONE; 9 USURPER; 15 INHERITED; 16 DERRINGER; 17 AGELESS; 18 VALHALLA; 20 HAWAII; 21 USING; 23 ROYAL; 24 PHOTO.

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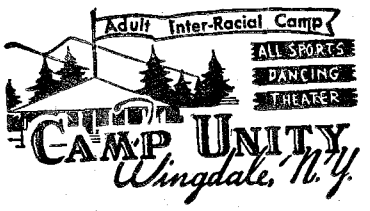

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to go to the rear of the bus. Why? Because Chinese and North Koreans do not happen to be Negro Americans.

I then went back to the rear of the bus and sat next to the boy. When I got off at my regular stop near the Broad Street Station, I asked the bus driver if he always enforced the laws of the state impartially. He said he obeyed the rules of those who paid his salary. I also asked him whether if he were a bus driver in heaven he would segregate the souls of the Negroes from the souls of the white people. He roughly replied that anyone who rode on his bus would have to obey the law.

This episode raises certain questions for those of us who are endeavoring to be Christians:

1. Is our Virginia law requiring segregation on busses in intrastate travel a law of both God and man or is it just a man-made law?

2. Is this law constitutional?

3. Does the enforcement of this law violate Jesus's commandment to love God with all your heart, soul, and mind and your neighbor as yourself?

4. Are we justified in sending missionaries to Africa to preach the Christian gospel of human brotherhood and then separate Negro and white Christians on our busses in Virginia?

5. Does not the enforcement of our segregation laws create un-Christian attitudes of mind, heart, and soul both in our white people and in our Negro Americans?

6. How can we say that we love God whom we have not seen and be unwilling to sit next to our brother who has a darker skin than we have?

7. Is there not an obligation resting upon all of us who feel that our Virginia segregation laws are basically un-Christian to become qualified voters so that we may help elect men and women to the Virginia Assembly and to the governorship who will pledge themselves to repeal our un-Christian, undemocratic segregation laws?

8. Should trade unions exclude Negro Americans from membership by constitutional provision or otherwise?

CHARLES C. WEBBER

Richmond, Va.

[The writer, for seven years president of the Virgina C. I. O. Council, is now field representative of the National Religion and Labor Foundation, an organization sponsored by the C. I. O., the A. F. of L., the Railroad Brotherhoods, and the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths.]

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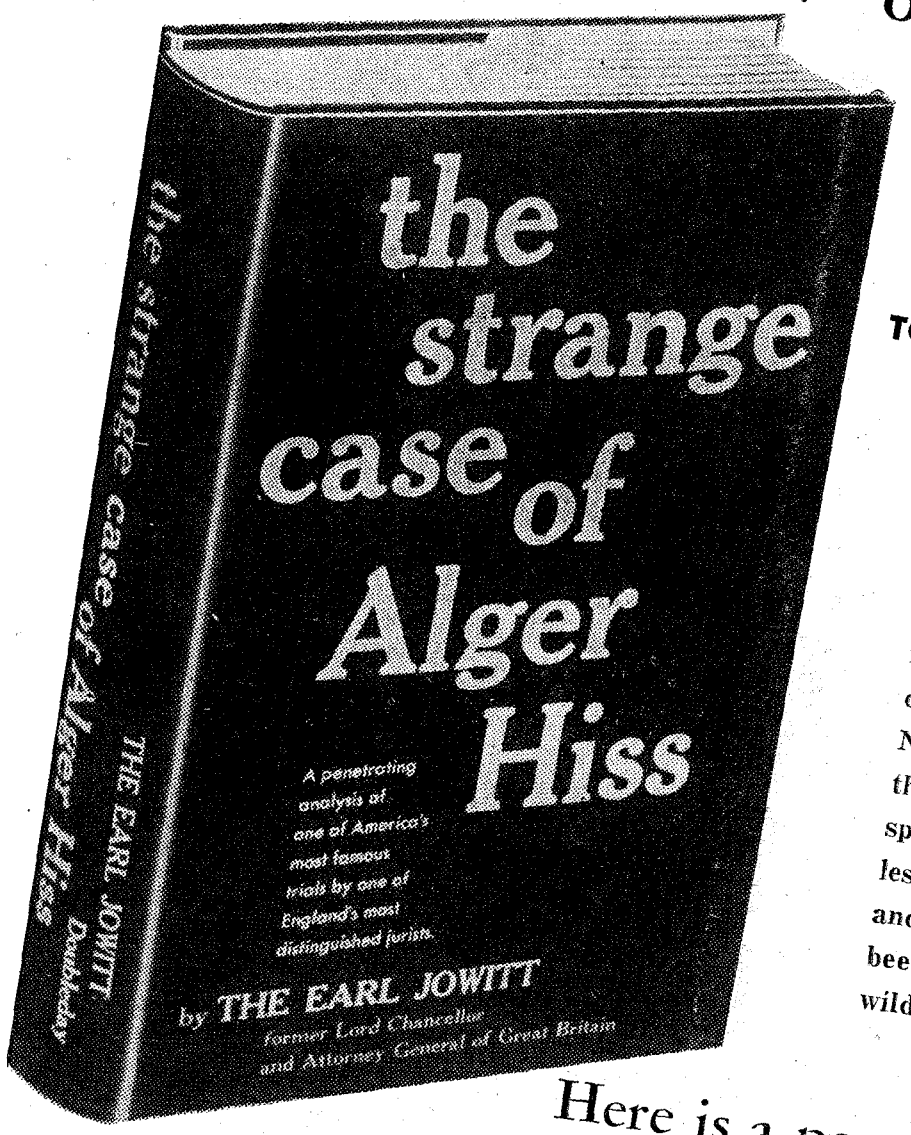
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